



A WOMAN'S SECRET.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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IN A rash moment Mr. E. Cunningham Curtis, Jr., had declared his love for Miss Maud Brooke, and she had promised to be his.

It was highly injudicious. Young Mr. Curtis, though he had a few odds and ends of property bequeathed to him by his father and aunt, was really dependent upon his father. He might be cut off at any moment when what answers in modern high society to the traditional shilling. It is the part of prudence in these days not to engage oneself to a millionaire's son until after the millionaire has been admitted to probate. Probably Miss Brooke knew this as a matter of education, but she did not think about it. She was deeply in love with Mr. E. Cunningham Curtis, Jr., and during the progress of his declaration, which was really quite eloquent and thrilling, she never once remembered that he had a father.

It is probable that young Mr. Curtis forgot that circumstance also, for he was really as much in love as any one can be without going mad. It happened, however, that they had considerable opportunity for conversation after the first wild outburst of inconsiderate emotion, and in their discussion of the future, natural at such a time, the plain, hard fact disclosed itself thus: If anything happened at that time to disturb the amicable relations between Curtis senior and Curtis junior, the latter's whole future would be ruined.

"And you think he wouldn't like our engagement?" queried Miss Brooke.

"I wouldn't dare to risk it," responded Mr. Curtis.

"Then perhaps I would better release you from your promise," she suggested.

"Not for the Kohinoor and seven gold mines," he replied, rising enthusiastically to the occasion. "And, besides, it isn't at all necessary. We can keep it a secret."

"I'd like to tell mother," said the girl. "I don't believe I can keep it from her."

"I'm afraid you can't keep it from anybody," said he, "you're such an honest, open-hearted little girl. No, no. An engagement is a woman's secret, which means that it's harder the next day to find one who doesn't know it than one who does. Why, our very manner to each other will betray us. You'll be at my house tomorrow evening when my sister gives some kind of a dancing rumpus, and before you've been there ten minutes every one will know."

Mr. E. Cunningham Curtis, Jr., intended these remarks to be playful, but Miss Brooke, being such an honest, open-hearted little girl, took them in dead earnest, and she was not pleased.

She was just a bit cold to him after that, and almost her last words to him were a promise that she would keep the secret.

Young Mr. Curtis sincerely hoped that she would. He believed that his father would make a fuss about it if he found it out. About five years before there had been a similar disturbance in the family, and it had resulted in the eldest son's being put on probation, which meant that he was obliged to get along on a meager allowance for a long and dismal period. E. Cunningham Curtis, Jr., shuddered at the recollection of his father's fate.

"My father," said he to himself, "will rear the 50 mad bulls at the idea of my marrying into the Brooke lawsuit."

The girl in question centered about the will of the late Mr. Brooke, who had left his property in such a tangle that every golden strand picked out of it just sufficed to pay the lawyer who had done the picking.

"I must be a bit careful tomorrow evening," was Curtis' conclusion. "Confound it! Everybody in the world ought to know by this time that I'm in love with the dear little girl. But I mustn't be suspected that we're engaged. A fake quarrel might be a good thing."

On the following evening when Miss Brooke appeared in the palatial halls of the Curtis her accepted suitor viewed her almost with alarm, and the next instant his heart surged up into his throat, and he longed to claim her there before them all. His pride clamored for a public acknowledgment of his victory. Never had her beauty seemed to him so far from the ordinary, so separate and distinguished.

"Upon my word," he muttered, "she makes the rest of these girls look like Coney Island tintypes."

He had the pleasure of greeting her a moment later, and he could not quite conceal his emotion. But the young lady herself was as cool as snow. Her manner toward him excited an obvious interest in the people who happened to be near enough to observe it, and when she presently permitted Arthur Ripley to lead her away into a convenient corner glances were exchanged and heads were nodded.

Ripley was a young man whom the other fellows sometimes referred to as a "first-class beauty." Curtis, who

had strong claims to be considered handsome, had never been jealous of any man's good looks before. He had not supposed that such an absurdity was possible. But when he saw the admiring glances which were cast upon that very notable couple he was aware of a desire to take Ripley outside and make a snowplow of him.

It was nearly an hour later when a figure of the cotillon brought Curtis and Miss Brooke together and gave the first chance for a confidential word. By that time Curtis was in the condition of Inventor Tripler's liquefied air exposed in a tin dish—it is very chilly, but it boils.

"My dear Maud," said he, "you are doing this thing altogether too well."

"It is not so hard as I had supposed it would be," said she. "Shall we walk a moment?"

It was the first time that she had ever expressed a disinclination to dance with him, and the trivial incident affected him preposterously. The thought came to him that this could not be acting. The situation constituted a true emergency. He was in danger of wrecking his love. The right word might save him, but before he could make up his mind what it was the exigencies of the dance required him to escort his partner to her seat—beside the handsome Mr. Ripley.

Curtis escaped from the gay throng at the earliest possible moment and crossed the main hall of the house to the small reception room, which seemed to be deserted. He was surprised to find his sister Mabel there alone. There was a suggestion in her appearance that she had recently wiped away a tear or two from her eyes.

"Why, little girl," he cried, "what's the matter?"

The situation flashed upon him in an instant. This poor child was crying about Arthur Ripley, who had been her chief admirer for a year or more.

"I know all about it," he said. "But don't you worry. Things are not what they seem."

Such a remark as that requires an explanation, and if a girl doesn't get it from a fellow she is not as good a cross questioner as the average of her sex. The result in this case was that within ten minutes Curtis had told his sister of the engagement.

"There's nothing between Ripley and Maud," said he. "She's trying to keep our secret, that's all, and she's using Arthur as a blind. As for him, he simply can't get away. And perhaps he fancies that he's annoying me."

The effect of this disclosure seemed to be good, and Curtis did not regret making it. He cautioned his sister against hinting even in the most shadowy manner at the facts in the case. Of course he knew that she would not mean to betray it, but when it's a question of secrecy one can't be too impressive.

In the hall Curtis encountered Ripley, who asked him if he had seen Mabel. Curtis told him where Mabel was, and Ripley went into the reception room.

"So Mr. Ripley has escaped at last," said a voice in Curtis' ear.

He turned to confront his aunt, Mrs. Rogers. Let us admit that Aunt Mar-

tha Rogers had her good points, but she unquestionably possessed many of the characteristics of the disagreeable woman.

"Maud Brooke must have been reading the Wall Street news," said Aunt Martha. "She's heard what young Mr. Ripley succeeded in doing with the \$100,000 his father loaned him."

"Why, what did he do?" inquired Curtis. "I haven't heard anything about it."

"The papers say he has made a million," replied Aunt Martha.

"Nonsense," responded Curtis. "If Ripley had made such a hit as that, he'd have mailed a circular letter to every address in the directory. He's not the fellow to hide his light under a bushel."

"Maud Brooke evidently takes a different view of it," was the reply. Curtis was angry clear through.

It has happened but once in the history of the nation, and it may not happen again, that both father and son are given the high honor of presiding over the affairs of the nation. John Adams was the second president and John Quincy Adams, his son, the sixth president of the United States.

And only once have grandfather and grandson served in this office. William Henry Harrison was the ninth president and Benjamin Harrison, his grandson, the twenty-third president—Indianapolis Press.

Regrets.

"Many a man has found that a hasty remark cost him a great deal."

"That's right," answered Senator Sorghum. "I once got in a hurry and said '\$500' when I could have got the influence man had for '\$150.'—Washington Star.

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"Now, here, Aunt Martha," said he, "I don't like to hear you speak that way of Miss Brooke. She is the best mercenary woman in New York."

"When her engagement to any poor man is announced," said Aunt Martha, "I'll believe it."

"It would be announced tonight," said he, "if the poor man had the courage of a white rabbit."

Well, it's evident that after such an indiscretion Aunt Martha had to be let into the secret. The information was the only bribe that she would accept in exchange for a promise of silence.

Indeed she would not give such a promise without a qualification. "Your parents ought to know of this," she said in the familiar tone of one who scents the pleasure of doing something disagreeable at the command of duty.

"For the love of heaven," said Curtis, "don't tell my father. I can't stand a controversy with him just now. If you insist on telling somebody—"

"It is my duty," said Aunt Martha.

"Then tell mother or let me do it. Here she comes now. Mother, I have just confided to Aunt Martha the deepest kind of a secret. I am engaged to Maud Brooke."

"I am very glad to hear it," said this most amiable of mothers, taking her son's hand in both of hers. "And your father will be delighted."

"My father—will be—what?" cried the young man.

"He will heartily approve," was the reply. "I know precisely how he feels in this matter."

Curtis gasped.

"Upon my word," said he, "the dear old man has very carefully concealed

the young man.

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SHIPPING NEWS.

Kahului harbor is bristling with shipping this week, and more are expected.

Hon. Robert Wilcox was one of the passengers on the Rio de Janeiro, which sailed from Honolulu last Saturday morning for the coast.

The vessels now arriving from the coast report heavy weather, and nearly all of them have been nearly double their usual time in making the trip.

Wm. G. Irwin & Co. announce that the steamships Alameda and Mariposa will soon be put on the run between San Francisco and Honolulu, making the round trip every two weeks.

The entire crew of the Bangor, recently so near being wrecked at Lahaina, deserted the vessel, and the captain, mate, cook and cabin boy sailed her to Honolulu, where the captain will try to pick up another crew.

The hoisting derrick has been erected at the old wharf at Kahului, and the railroad track has been laid on to the wharf. On Thursday morning, lighters were brought alongside, and traffic at this wharf was resumed.

The Wachusett has been crossed off the overdue list at the Merchant's Exchange, S. F. She is not expected to reach her destination under any circumstances. She was coal laden, and it is not improbable that she was burned at sea.

M. Mariote, a French inventor, proposes to prevent the sinking of foundered ships, by attaching a number of empty balloon bags to the ship, just above water line. These bags contain calcium carbide, and when this mixture is exposed to the water, it generates a bag full of acetylene gas which keeps the vessel afloat.

A 150 foot flag pole is to be erected at Kahului, near the railroad office. A complete set of code signals have been secured from the coast, and will be kept in a water proof box at the base of the pole. Signals from the top of the flag staff can be read 15 miles out at sea, and by this means vessels can be communicated with and directed in their movements long before they reach the harbor.

Vessels in Port--Kahului

Sp. Columbia, Mattson, from Tacoma.

Sch. Mary Dodge, Olsen, from Tacoma.

Bgtne. Lurline, Schaube, from San Francisco.

Sp. A. F. Fuller, Dermott, from Ladysmith, B. C.

Bk. Antiope, Murray, from Ladysmith, B. C.

Arrived.

Dec. 2.—Bk. Antiope, Murray, 30 days from Ladysmith, coal.

Dec. 3.—Sch. Mary Dodge, Olsen, 49 days from Tacoma, lumber.

Dec. 3.—Sp. A. F. Fuller, Dermott, 30 days from Ladysmith, B. C. coal.

Dec. 7.—Sch. Serena Thayer, McVicar, 31 days from Eureka, lumber.

Departures.

Dec. 8.—Sp. Columbia, Mattson, for Tacoma; in ballast.

Dec. 8.—Bgtne. Lurline, Schaube, for San Francisco; Molasses and ballast.

Honolulu Postoffice Time Table.

DATE	NAME	FROM
Dec. 5	Doric	S. F.
" 8	Coptic	Yokohama
" 8	Australia	S. F.
" 13	Nippon Maru	S. F.
" 15	America Maru	Yokohama
" 18	Ventura	S. F.
" 18	Sierra	Colonies
" 19	Miwera	Colonies
" 21	Rio de Janeiro	S. F.
" 22	Warrimoo	Victoria, B. C.
" 25	City of Peking	Yokohama
" 29	Coptic	S. F.
" 29	Australia	S. F.

FOR

Dec. 5	Doric	Yokohama
" 8	Coptic	S. F.
" 12	Australia	S. F.
" 13	Nippon Maru	Yokohama
" 15	America Maru	S. F.
" 18	Ventura	Colonies
" 18	Sierra	S. F.
" 19	Miwera	Victoria, B. C.
" 21	Rio de Janeiro	Yokohama
" 22	Warrimoo	Colonies
" 25	City of Peking	S. F.
" 29	Coptic	Yokohama

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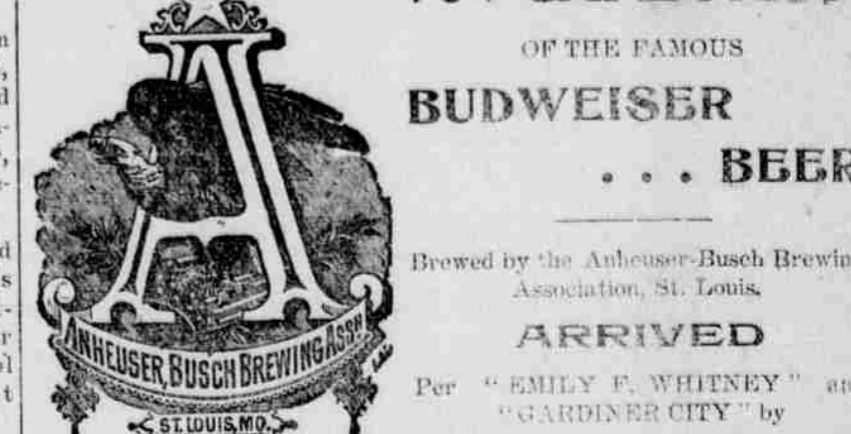
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